

Rev. Lane

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For the Herald and Journal.

WINTER.

There art here again, old Winter, with thy voice and tone unaltered,
The hills are covered with emerald, with white are crested o'er;
There's not a forest where the summer zephyrs failed,
But through the naked branches the boreal tempests roar.

And yet how fair and glorious this scene array this morning!

The rain in frost weather had silently been falling through the night,

In the gloom of darkness there had silently been forming

A scene of fairy loveliness to greet the dawning light.

The slighted shrubs in Nature with transient grace encrust,

In the light sunlight like pearls of value rare;

The trees and thicket glistered with the gems they contained,

The hillsides and the meadows plumes were like a mirror fair.

And brilliant rays penetrate through the frozen depths were gleaming;

The myriad pendant icicles reflecting even the light were gleaming;

Along its wavy pathway the lucid stream was dancing.

As little as when the summer flowers upon its borders grew.

Then night wears, Winter, all thy gloomy, dreary features,

The rain and hail are rattling on the frosty window pane;

Ah! it is coming welcome to the poor neglected creatures.

Who have no cover from the storm, no shelter from the rain?

The houseless beggar lingers about the rich man's dwelling,

Then off repulses, the piercing sheet drives him to the door;

Again thrust out, his wall of woe the tempest ouglies.

Ascended to the Holy One who pitchs the poor.

I could love thee, cheerful Winter, for thy bracing breath gives vigor

To the form that drops and sickens 'neath the sultry summer rays,

I could welcome thy chill, as for its cold, relentless rigor,

Brings back the youthful buoyance and strength of other days.

I could mourn thy transient empire, did thy coming not awaken

Emotions that for aye present the homeless wanderer's form;

O who will feel the hangry? who comfort the forsaken?

Who give to age and penury a refuge from the storm?

Habson, Ct., Dec. 7.

HABSON.

For the Herald and Journal.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE: OUR WORK.

That is right. Tell "Coke" he has hit the nail on the head. Many thanks. He spoke for me, and gave utterance to growing and oppressive convictions of my own soul, for the last six months. Let the reader turn back to the Herald of Dec. 4th, and read over again his first paragraph. Speaking of the call upon the M. E. Church to enlarge itself, he says:—

"But there are other fields for us to enter and cultivate; Christianity is aggressive, and so is Methodism—which is only the outgoing of a pure Christianity, all in earnest." Now we must have churches in every important neighborhood within our bounds. And more; we must visit as did our fathers, the sparse school districts, and preach in the school-houses, barns, kitchens, groves and orchards, and win the people to God."

These few lines, if well appreciated by the Methodist community of New England, would become a magazine of moral power, imparting to itself very soon an entirely new aspect. There ought to be established to-morrow in the M. E. Church a thousand new Methodist meetings. This demand too is found in the largest cities, small cities, villages and country towns. Does the reader ask why? I answer because there are not enough Methodist meetings. But it is said those already established are not crowded. Truly, and never will be; still more are needed—needed now.

Because, thousands on thousands do not, willings. Some live remote, some too poor to buy or rent seats, and too proud to depend on gratuitous seating, while others feel they are too poorly clad to appear in fashionable assemblies. All these classes, I need not say, constitute a large portion of the community. Yet many of these hunger for the bread of life, and die for lack of knowledge, who would gladly hear it in their own school-houses, dining-rooms and kitchens.

Not a few of these proposed new meetings are needed within a stone's throw of many of our splendid churches, in the heart of our populous cities. Then what are their suburbs? Moral wastes, inviting missionary labor, on ground soon to be the very bowels of these spreading cities. Now is the time to plant there, to save souls and save the ground.

New England Methodism in this particular, has fallen into a wrong line of march. To establish new meetings is not so much thought of, as to divide old ones. But how difficult the latter! What society ever feels itself able to divide? Long and tedious discussions, followed by alienations, often kill such enterprises. Then how slow and careful about new meetings! It will not do to begin till a society is in existence strong enough to build a church, and support a preacher; but as few such societies are found ready made, we open few new meetings.

What if we should try another policy. Go into all these places, city and country, especially the growing places, and where a few people can be found and a few children not connected with other meetings, and commence a Sabbath School. No matter how small the beginning—with a prospect—but begin. Invite the children and their parents to this meeting. Then in connection with the Sabbath School preach one sermon per day at least, even if the attendance is small, and let it be by some accredited local preacher. If this commencement occurs under very unfavorable circumstances, it may be well to have these services at an hour not to conflict with other meetings. Thus begun, these meetings can be carried on and increased as the Providence of God indicates; the preacher in charge having the entire oversight, and providing as best he can for these supplies. In most of these cases in a little time, by regular attention, good congregations will be gathered, souls will be converted, soon little chapels can be built plain and cheap, may be free—all the better—and the people give their "penny collection," and thus acquire the habit of giving something for privileges, to grow with their ability. How soon would numerous such beginnings become central and powerful churches.

What a field lies open in New England for such an enterprise! Read "Coke" over again. God will bless the preaching of his free salvation and the people will come to hear it, where the moral death of Calvinism, the ideal vagaries of Unitarian Transcendentalism, the senseless mummery of "the church," and mockery of Universalism leave the souls of the people to perish.

This scheme is practicable. "Coke" says it will cost money. Not much; and if it did, what then? Set all the local preachers at work in this business. There are more than a thousand of them now suffering, for just such work. Nowhere in all the dominions of Methodism on this continent or the other, are our local preachers so idle as in New England; idle, because no work is assigned them; yet nowhere have they more talent or more facilities. Set them at this work, and without pay, as they do in Europe and our Middle States—let them preach, or take away their licenses and give no more. English local preachers not unfrequently preach twice and three times on the Sabbath, and walk from ten to fifteen miles, and never expect a penny reward.

Thousands of well educated, young and middle aged people who are pious, are competent

and in waiting to take charge of, and teach in these Sabbath Schools; more of such in New England than any other place. The people here, living more compactly, are more easily collected for worship than elsewhere. What is there, then, in the way of such a scheme? What facility is lacking? God calls. Here is a new mission for our beloved Methodism; and if she does it not, she will be superceded. Let nothing, not even education, divert her attention from this subject.

I assert three things of New England Methodism: 1. It is far ahead of Methodism in all other places in its educational interests. 2. It is far behind Wesleyan Methodism and Episcopalian Methodism in our Middle States, in denominational zeal and enterprise in carrying its conquests into "the regions beyond" itself. 3. It is doing less for the masses, and especially the poor, in proportion to its ability, than anywhere else. Kind reader, don't be angry at these bold assertions, till you have examined the subject at least.

BRO. COKE, "if you have set Bro. Raymond to agitating about a new school-house, "all right;" God bless the good man in so good a work; but can you not somewhere invoke a sleeping Jonah, to assist you in agitating *this other* subject, which it seems to the writer, *just now* should take precedence of all others." This is a serious and momentous question: who will give it thought and movement? Why not Mr. Editor, now that your "pen is in ink" on great questions. Give us one blast of your clarion that shall call to arms the hosts of God's elect against the powers of darkness, the whole length of the Atlantic coast—a blast that shall cut-off old Fabian's tin horn, that makes music for "The old man of the mountain."

Mount Prospect, Dec. 11. OBSERVER.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE BLACKSMITH WELL PAID.

BRO. STEVENS.—Being some weeks ago in the city of Providence, R. I., we stepped into a blacksmith's shop to have a little chat with a good Methodist brother. We found him engaged shoeing an ox. After conversation on subjects of higher importance, we inquired of Sammy Hicks' relative (in trade only we mean) if he would be willing to shoe the ox, receiving in pay for the same one grain of corn for the first nail, four for the second and so forth, continuing this ratio unto the last of the 32 nails. Without a moment's hesitancy he replied, "I should be glad to do so—I should never need *t'shoen another.*" A friend who had accompanied us—an educated man—smiled at what he supposed our blacksmith's ignorance of *figures*. His impression was, that the man of the anvil knew more about "fixing a shoe" than of working geometrical progression. But however man of "ledger" and "day book" did he show when informed that all the warehouses in Providence would not furnish sufficient accommodation for "housing the corn." Well, sir, here we left the master—Vulcan laughing and Quillman doubting.

Having much affection for our two friends, unconformably fat with laughing, or the other shere blue with doubt, we have tried to settle the matter in dispute between them by placing it in something like sober shape. The following is the result of our *sheeing*:

At the above rate of pay the shoeing of the ox will cost \$6,006,709,597,349,487,701

grains of corn. If we reckon 82,944 grains to the bushel, we have 72,418,856,051,668 bushels.

If we sell this corn at 60 cents a bushel it will yield us \$43,451,313,631,000. If we estimate 40 bushels to weigh one ton, and should we export this corn to "foreign parts" in vessels of 1,000 tons burthen, 18,104,740,012 such vessels will be required. Suppose we estimate the average length of these vessels at 140 feet. Let us now arrange them in one continuous line—ship touching ship—and they will extend 480,943,826 miles. Or we might place these ships 200 abreast, and in this form—ship touching ship lengthwise—they would encompass the world nearly 100 times!

Now should our good friend receive his pay of which, however, he entertains some doubt—he will take therefrom \$1,000,000 for "domestic purposes," for he has somewhere read, "He that providers not for his own," &c. Now he has no desire to procure for himself so odious a character. The rest he leaves at our disposal. He expresses himself as having entire confidence in our "ability" and "honesty" to do the thing which is "right." Having then installed an excellent lady, promises all that can reasonably be expected. Those wishing to place their sons or daughters in a boarding-school where their moral as well as physical education is cared for, and where no unreasonable restraints are attempted to be enforced, may safely confide them to the manager of this institution.

For the Herald and Journal.

SPRINGFIELD WESLEYAN SEMINARY.

The examination of the pupils of this flourishing institution, made before the Board of Visitors at the close of the fall term, was one highly creditable, not only to the principal and his assistants, but also to the large class of young ladies and gentlemen in attendance. This examination was conducted to the entire satisfaction of the Board, evincing on the part of the different teachers, a thorough, practical knowledge of the various branches by them attempted to be taught, displaying on their part a peculiar aptitude to teach by demonstrations and plain familiar illustrations, and on the part of the pupils a remarkable promptness and precision in answering the various questions proposed, that could not have been acquired but by a close and rigid application to the different studies pursued.

We believe by no means be invidious in our remarks to any, but cannot do justice to our own feelings without a particular allusion to the large class in physiology. Upon this new, interesting, and, we think, highly important branch, the examination proved on the part of the class, an application and proficiency that would have been creditable to much older and more advanced scholars. Some general knowledge of the geography of our country, the location and extent of its principal rivers, mountains, and lakes, its soil, climate, and natural products, together with the manners and customs of its inhabitants, has been long deemed indispensable in almost every situation in life; particularly so to such as make any pretensions to literature—but until quite recently no thought has been entertained, that a knowledge of the peculiar construction of our own bodies was of the least moment, or even suitable for the common scholar, but designed only for the physician and anatomist. We require, too, of those who become, or offer to, instructors of our youth, some knowledge of the heavenly bodies, their distances from the earth, their revolutions, densities, and the influence exerted by each on the other, so far as known, by the powers of attraction and repulsion, and a great variety of interesting and useful facts, to be ignorant of which would be quite disreputable; but to "know them enough for man to know," has scarcely attracted a passing notice. We think the study of one of great importance, eminently calculated to lead the mind of the student to profitable reflections, and cultivate a devotional state of mind towards the Author of our being. In view of these and many other considerations we might mention, we cheerfully recommend a continuance of this branch of instruction in this school.

The closing exercise of the term was an exhibition, in which quite a number of the ladies and gentlemen participated, furnishing to a large and evidently delighted audience an intellectual treat of an entertaining and instructive character, and highly creditable to the individuals taking part in the performances. The gentlemanly and courteous bearing of the students towards each other and especially towards the teachers, was gratifying and pleasant; this school, as now conducted, is not excelled by any of a similar character known to us in many risks. There are times in which you really hazard all your interests for the present and the future, yet relying upon your dexterity for deliverance. Two most painful instances of this kind have recently occurred in this community. The one was a young man, Mr. Mark Colcord, Jr., a son of pious parents. He was desirous of salvation to a more convenient period of life. He had just formed resolutions of amendment in some respects, much to the gratification of his anxious mother. At work in a mill, he took occasion to show a lad who was there, the manner in which certain machinery of his own arrangement operated; he slipped a short band from a spindle with his hand, and, though he had done the same thing a hundred times before with safety, the band caught his hand, drew him around a shaft which performed some thirty revolutions in a minute, and before help could be obtained his legs were broken, torn and mangled, and the head had received a fatal blow. Life was gone.

The other Mr. Abel Bennett, a young man whose mother, two brothers and one sister had gone before him, within a few years. When quite young, in Massachusetts, he joined his parents in the cause of Christ. They afterwards moved to this town, into a neighborhood of young men, who were generally neglectors of religious duties gave place to the amusements and enjoyments of youth. Time passed on. Friends died—a father prayed—opposing influences were continually—the cross was neglected.

Busy at work, he stepped upon the hood of a threshing machine which was worn thin; it gave way—he lost his balance—fell—he arm was in pieces, mangled by the teeth of the machine—it was soon removed, but it was too late. His father came to pray, and sisters to weep—nature was sinking—the past was reviewed—prayer was solicited. As life ebbed out he was evidently trying to do again his "first work"—he cried,

"Here, Lord, I give myself away."

"Tis all that I can do."

These were his last words. Time was forever fled.

Young men, reflect upon such events; look out upon the scenery before you, and, though you may feel secure in your present circumstances, be assured, you know not what a day may bring forth. This day may be your last. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Though now disposed to walk in the ways of thine own heart, and as may seem best in thine own eyes, regardless of parental solicitude, counsel and prayers, remember, O young man, for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

In order, however, to reap the full healthful benefit of acting, we must have elevated motives. A person who only works because he must work, will not grow very largely in health and vigor. He may avoid sickness, and that is nearly all; but having an important end in view he not only receives benefit from the proper exercise of bone and muscle, and the proper agitation of the internal organs, but gains much in addition from the stimulus and pleasure of expectation. An individual is much less fatigued by performing labor which pleases him, than by performing the same amount of labor in which he takes no sort of interest.

Now there is a large portion of mankind who suffer from a want of pleasant and powerful motives to activity. This, as we have intimated, is more particularly the case with females, than with males. The former often labor without motives, at least with feeble motives. Like Samson grinding in the prison house at Gaza, they work because they are compelled. Such exercise does little good, and often more harm than good. On this account they have less constitutional vigor, and less health. They may have activity and sprightliness of body and mind, but these are by no means incompatible with a feeble constitution.

One reason why the conjugal state is in many cases more healthy than celibacy, is because the former, notwithstanding its numerous trials and perplexities, which inflict much wear and tear upon the human constitution, is accompanied by the stimulus of expectancy, and of elevated motives. Its work is not task work.

The love of gain, so far as health is concerned, is better than no motive at all. The love of pleasure, if we can get no higher motive for exertion, is more beneficial than compulsory labor; better, even than labor from mere habit. It is indeed better for the creature of habit—who is little better than a machine—that there be no friction, no mental opposition, but to expect much improvement is useless. It is not enough that there be no *deterioration* by friction or otherwise—whether individuals or corporations—to "send in their name" or "card" to the editor of Zion's Herald, and so soon as we shall receive the full amount of our *shoeing bill*, their applications shall be promptly attended to.

R. DONKERSLEY.

Osterville, Mass., Dec. 13.

Now the love of gain, so far as health is concerned, is better than no motive at all. The love of pleasure, if we can get no higher motive for exertion, is more beneficial than compulsory labor; better, even than labor from mere habit. It is indeed better for the creature of habit—who is little better than a machine—that there be no friction, no mental opposition, but to expect much improvement is useless. It is not enough that there be no *deterioration* by friction or otherwise—whether individuals or corporations—to "send in their name" or "card" to the editor of Zion's Herald, and so soon as we shall receive the full amount of our *shoeing bill*, their applications shall be promptly attended to.

The desire of pleasing others, or the love of reputation is a higher motive than either of those I have named; and therefore more beneficial. Under its influence the feeble grow strong, and

the strong attain to a higher degree of health.

Some are industrious from this motive, whom no other motive can reach.

But there is a smaller number still who reap the blessings which God, in his providence, has appended to incessant activity, because they have regarded in every movement, *His holy will and pleasure.*

This desire of pleasing God by industry is the highest motive to exertion which can be conceived. It does not necessarily exclude the love of man and the desire of securing his approbation, nor does it entirely exclude the love of pleasure and of gain; it simply holds these lower motives in subordination, if not in abeyance. They who are in continual activity, because they are under the full influence of all these motives, are found to possess the most mental and bodily health and vigor.

But the worst condition of humanity, in male or female form—I speak still with regard to health—is found where there is no motive at all to labor either with the hands or the brain; so that the miserable lump of earth (for it scarcely deserves a better name

OVER THE HILL.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

One morning all wended
Through a path bedight with flowers,
Where all delights were blended
To beguile the fleeting hours,
Sweet youth, pray turn thee hither,
Said a voice along the way,
Each these roses wither,
And these fair fruits decay.
But the youth paused not to ponder,
If the voice were good or ill,
For, said he, my home is yonder—
Over the hill there, o'er the hill!

Again, high noon was glowing
On a dark and weary plain,
And there, right onward going,
Was the traveller again.
He seemed another being
Than the morning's rosy youth,
But I quickly knew him, seeing
His unalter'd bough of truth.
Rest, stranger, rest till even,
Sang alluring voices still;
But he cried—my rest is heaven!
Over the hill there, o'er the hill!

IMAGINARY EVILS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow—
Life's troubles come never too late!
I hope overmuch by an error,
Tis one that the wise have preferred;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils—that never occurred!

SKETCHES.

HANDEL AND GEORGE II.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE GERMAN OF LYSER.]
Handel sat in his little room absorbed in his composition. Once more he proved each note most carefully—at times he smiled at a fine passage and then again he looked grave when he met with a part that did not quite satisfy him, at which he struck out upon reflection and afterwards amended. At length he gazed long, so long, indeed, upon the last "Amen"—that a tear fell upon a note.

"This note," said he solemnly, in casting his eyes to heaven, "this note is, perhaps, my best! Receive it, thou Almighty and loving spirit! Receive it as my best thanks for this work! Lord! Thou hast given it to me, and that which proceeds from thee remains, though all that is earthly passes away—Amen."

Having finished, he strode up and down the room for a few moments, and then took a seat in his easy chair with clasped hands, happy in dreaming of his youth—his home, Kellerman, towards evening, came to see him, with the view to accompany him to their usual rendezvous. Handel received him warmly, more so than was his wont. They spoke a long time of their fatherland, of their science, and the great masters in their country. But at length they had to remember that their friends were waiting for them at the tavern.

"Well, friend," cried Hogarth to the great master, "was my advice not good? Did Bedford not assist you, and are you, notwithstanding that, just as fine a fellow as before?"

Handel nodded, good naturally smiling, and took his usual place.

"Yes," continued Hogarth, "you are lucky now, old fellow! you dare no longer sorrow; but I, poor devil, have had luck with my last work."

"You!" asked Handel, astonished; "you whose fame increases from day to day?"

"It has room to do so," replied Hogarth, vexed, "since they laughed at me. You remember a long time ago, when Leda, painted by Correggio, was sold here at auction for ten thousand guineas, I said that if any one would give me ten thousand guineas I would paint something just as good. Lord Grosvenor took me up. I went to work, put every thing else aside, painted and painted a whole year, at last the picture is ready, I take it to his lordship, he calls his friends, and as I said before, they all laughed at me. I had to take my picture away, and added to that, received at home a scolding from my wife."

They all laughed, excepting Handel, who was silent a time, and then said: "Hogarth, you are an honest fellow, but often horribly dumb. You cannot judge of the Italian painters; for, in the first place, their style is different from yours, and you do not even know their best works. Had he been in Italy as I have, especially in Rome, where the great works of Raphael and Michael Angelo abound, you would learn to respect the old Italian masters, and even love and venerate them as I do the old Italian church composers. The modern painters are all more or less alike in their style."

"Enough said," cried Hogarth, "we will not dispute about it; but tell us rather how you are satisfied with the singers and actors, and whether you think they will perform their parts well-to-morrow."

"Not one will do his part badly," replied Handel; "I made them work hard, and my pupil Joseph was of great assistance in making them ready. The first soprano is very indifferent, which I regret on account of several fine parts." At that moment Joseph Wach looked in the door, and requested one word with Mr. Handel.

"Well, what is the matter now?" asked Handel, getting up and going out. His friends looked smilingly upon one another, and the host, sitting in his easy chair, laughed outright. Joseph conducted Handel hurriedly up to his room, where, to his no little astonishment, he found Ellen, the pretty daughter of their host. "Well, what does this mean?" he asked somewhat angrily. "What have you to do, Miss Ellen, in the room of this young man?" "That he may tell you, Mr. Handel," she replied pertly, and turned blushing away. But Joseph spoke honest-heartedly, "Only think no evil

of me or of Miss Ellen, my dear master." "Well, then," grumbled Handel, "open your mouth and speak." Joseph continued: "For what I am, and all that I can do, I thank you, my beloved master. You received me a stranger without means; to educate me as a true vocalist, you stoned yourself of many hours, in which you might have created something." "Ho ho! you fool," laughed Handel, "think you it is not creating to educate a fine singer?" "Be it so!—but I thank you for every thing." "It is not true! God gave you your talent." "Well, but everything else I thank you for!" "And even if you do, what of that, then?" "Well see, master, it always troubled me when you had to worry yourself beyond measure with the bad singers." "Yes; that is indeed a pity," sighed Handel. "Therefore I have endeavored," continued Joseph, "to train for you a singer—I believe I have so far succeeded, that she dare let herself be heard before you. There she stands, (pointing to Ellen.) Handel opened wide his eyes, gazed astonished at the girl, and asked slowly: "Ellen?—she?" "Yes, I!" cried Ellen, turning towards him and regarding him with her pure, dark brown eyes, "I," she repeated, smiling, "and now you know, Mr. H., what Joseph and I have been about." "Dare she sing before you, Master H.?" asked Joseph. "I shall wonder how your method of instruction has succeeded," said Handel, taking a seat. "For aught I care, let her sing." Joseph sprang gaily to the piano; Ellen stepped near him and began. Ha! how indescribable were the feelings of Handel; how he listened, when he recognized one of the choicest pieces of his Messiah—the beautiful air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" And how well Ellen sang, the reader may imagine; for when she finished, Handel sat still, blissfully smiling, his large fiery eyes full of tears of deep, thoughtful emotion. At length he breathed strongly, stood up, kissed the girl's forehead, kissed her eyes, that sparkled with bright tears, and asked, in the mildest tone, "Ellen, good child, will you not sing this piece to-morrow?" "Master Handel! Father Handel!" the maid cried in the deepest emotion, and threw herself into his arms, sobbing aloud.

The next day the performance of his immortal master-piece succeeded beyond expectation.

Handel's fame could not now be shaken. As he left the church a royal equipage awaited him, which took him, in accordance with the command of the king to Carlton house. George II. received the German artist, surrounded by his whole court. "Well, H.," he said friendly, "it must be true that you have made us a fine present of your Messiah; it is a grand work."

"It is?" asked H., and looked pleased at the king. "I say it," added George, "and now tell me, what can I do to express to you my thanks?" "Well, then," said H., "if your Majesty will give the young man who sang tenor-solo a situation I will thank your Majesty greatly. He is a scholar of mine, this Joseph Wach, and he much desires to marry the pretty Miss Ellen, his pupil; her father offers no opposition, but her mother will not consent, on account of his having no situation, and your Majesty knows that it is hard to contend with a woman." "You are mistaken," replied George, endeavoring to repress a smile. "I know nought of such matters; Joseph is, however, from to-day first tenorist in our chapel." "Truly," Handel exclaimed, joyfully, "now, then, I thank your Majesty from my very heart." George was silent for a few moments, with a view to Handel's again addressing him. "But, Handel, will you not desire anything for yourself, as you have given us to-day so great an entertainment with your Messiah, we should like to show ourselves thankful to you." Handel's cheeks became flushed with anger, and he answered with a thundering voice, "Sire, I did not wish to entertain, I wished to instruct you."

The court stood aghast. King George stepped a few steps back and gazed astonished at the bold artist. But of a sudden, he burst into a hearty laugh, and said, "Handel, you are, and always will be, a rude old fellow, (slapping him on the shoulder,) but a good one!" Go, do what you please, we will always remain true friends." He bowed. Handel then took leave, and thanked God when he was out of Carlton house, and hastened to his snug little tavern.

The joy the god news gave to the lovers, Joseph and Ellen, it is scarcely necessary to describe, as also the many demonstrations of gratitude with which they threatened to overwhelm him. The host of the snug tavern, and father of Ellen, hugged and kissed his good wife, although she scolded and struggled in his arms, and he shouted, "Boss! to-day we must agree, even should all the bells in old England set to ringing in consequence!"

Handel traveled for ten years about England, and composed many great works. Ellen and Joseph were with him during the last years of his life, and he it was who transcribed his last compositions as he dictated them. Ellen nursed and comforted him until his spirit died. Proud and majestic stands, in Westminster, Handel's marble monument. Time may destroy it; but that memorial which he created, under a high and holy inspiration, (the Messiah,) will remain forever.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE FAMILY.

Among the foremost are the domestic sentiments and morals. The family is now, more than ever, the first element and the last rampart of society. Whilst, in general society, everything becomes more and more mobile, personal and transient, it is in domestic life that the demand for permanency and the feeling of the necessity of sacrificing the present to the future is irresistible. It is in domestic life that the ideas and the virtues which form a counterpoise to the excessive and ungoverned movement excited in the great centres of civilization, are formed. The tumult of business, pleasure, temptation and strife, which reigns in our great cities, would soon sweep the whole of society into a deplorable state of ferment and dissolution, if domestic life, with its calm activity, its permanent interests, and its fixed property, did not oppose solid barriers throughout the country to the restless waves of this stormy sea. It is in the bosom of domestic life and under its influences, that private, the basis of public morality, is most securely maintained. There, too, and in our days, there almost exclusively, the affections of our nature—friendship, gratitude, and self-devotion—all the ties which unite hearts in the sense of a common destiny, grow and flourish. The time has been, when, under other forms of society, these private affections found a place in public life; when devoted attachment strengthened political connection. These times are past, never to return. In the vast, and complicated, and ever-moving society of our days, general interests and principles, the sentiments of justice and the combinations of parties, have the entire possession and direction of public life. The private affections are too delicate to exercise any powerful influence over the conflicts that pitiless field. But it is never without serious injury that one of the vital elements of human nature is uprooted out of any of the fields of human action; and the complete absence of tender and faithful attachments in that almost exclusive domain of abstract ideas and general or selfish interests, has robbed political life of a noble ornament and a great source of strength. It is of incalculable

importance to society that there should be some safe retreat in which the affectionate dispositions—I would almost say passions—of the heart of man may expand in freedom; and that occasionally emerging from that retreat, they may exhibit their presence and their power by some beautiful examples in that tumultuous region of politics in which they are so rarely found. But these social virtues must be nursed in the bosom of domestic life; these social affections must spring from family affections. Home, the abode of stability and morality, also contains the hearth at which all our affections and all our self-devotion are kindled; it is in the circle of the family that the noblest parts of our nature find satisfactions they would seek for elsewhere; it is from that circle that when circumstances demand, they can go forth to bless society.—Guizot's Democracy in France.

LAMARTINE AT HOME.

A correspondent of the Presbyterian gives the following account of the return of Lamartine to his own estate to live:

The peasantry had prepared a grand fete for his arrival, of the following description. The house was completely covered with garlands and devices; and when, at the expected hour, M. and Madame de Lamartine arrived, the little girls, in their Sunday clothes, first presented themselves, offering them a basket of the finest fruit that can be seen anywhere; one of them delivered a charming little address, then gave place to the boys, carrying likewise a basket of fruit, and what was more original, a basket filled with fresh butter, sculptured, so to speak, and representing M. and Madame de Lamartine seated in a chariot drawn by sheep. Other children brought a lamb, a little sucking pig, entirely covered with silk ribbons and flowers, a superb calf, and, in a large cage, a hare. These peasants, who cultivate nothing but vineyards, had purchased these gifts with their own money.

A peasant, mounted on a cart, made an excellent address, thanking God for bringing M. and Madame de Lamartine back into the midst of them. Lamartine replied in a speech against Socialism. The French peasantry, said he, are calumniated, when they are accused of want of attachment to their landlords; he desired no other proof of this than what was before his eyes; it is the part of the landlord to do his duty. The day was closed by a grand dinner, given to those honest people by M. and Madame de Lamartine.

In the evening, the peasants came, and asked a favor; it was to permit the cure, next morning, to celebrate in the chapel adjoining the mansion, a thanksgiving service for the happy return of their landlord and lady. In connexion with the circumstance, Lamartine learned that on the morning after his departure for the East, a mass was celebrated, at the request of the peasants, for the purpose of praying God to preserve them during their journey. After this statement, I need not say that both Lamartine and his lady do much for the benefit of those who are around them. Madame de Lamartine takes an active interest in the schools, and has a fellow-feeling with her husband for improving as much as possible the condition of the peasants.

If I was certain I am called," say many, "I would go." Does not this uncertainty arise from unbelief? When you have received strong evidences have you not asked for stronger, and your presumption dictated the kind? Your God will not submit to this. The rejection of those gentle calls prepares the way for that of the most forcible appeals; thus nothing would be gained by these. Since you have rejected evidences given, "neither would you be persuaded than one rose from the dead."

Dear brother, wheresoever thou art, for the sake of your ever present and future interest, for the sake of the souls of perishing men and the cause of your Saviour, heed the warnings and commands of your God, the exhortations of the Holy Spirit, and go seek the dying souls of men. Time flies, your day of usefulness is passing, death approaches; what you do, must be done quickly. C. H. A. J.

Lincoln, Nov., 1850.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

Congress failed to meet the wishes and interests of the people in regard to a reduction of postage, and the people must therefore continue to urge the reform by plain-spoken petitions.

Give members rest until they pass a law exacting a uniform postage of but two cents on a letter. Now five and ten cents are required.

I beg of you to consider the importance of this.

Having been much attached to Sacred Music for the last thirty years, I do not hesitate to say, that it is the best Collection of Sacred Music in use.

From Rev. G. P. MURKIN, of Liberty.

I do not hesitate to give the American Evangelist the preference to any other Collection of Church Music existent. It deserves a place in every choir, vestry, and family in the Union.

From Rev. Sam'l S. Barber, of Boston.

On a single opening, in the Second Part of the book I have found on the pages before me, more true, heart-subduing harmony than it has been my fortune to find in some whole Collections, that have made quite a noise in the world.

From Henry F. Holt, of Boston.

It is divided into three parts, all of which are embraced in a single volume.

Part I consists of Church Music, old and new, and contains the most valuable productions of the most distinguished Composers, ancient and modern—in all 330 Church Tunes—besides a large number of Anthems, and Select Pieces for special occasions.

Part 2 & 3 contain all that is valuable of the Vestry Music now in existence, consisting of the most popular Revival Melodies, and the most admired English, Scottish, Irish, Spanish, and German Songs, all in a single volume, with three or four hundred Tunes, adapted for organ, piano, and vocal solo, and for small choirs.

Having been much attached to Sacred Music for the last thirty years, I do not hesitate to say, that it is the best Collection of Sacred Music in use.

From Rev. R. Woodfull, of Boston.

It is just what I have been wishing to see for several years.

This book, containing 330 Tunes, with rich harmonic, and adapted to stir the deepest feelings of the heart, they constitute a priceless treasure of Sacred Song, unsurpassed by the best compositions of modern times.

From Rev. N. Perrin, Jr., of Cambridge.

This book, containing 330 Tunes, both for public and social worship, than any other collection I have ever met with.

Though an entire stranger to the author, I feel grateful to him; and desire thus publicly to thank him for the important service he has rendered to our country.

From Rev. Moses Spencer, of Boston.

I regard the American Evangelist as combining the excellencies of all the Music Books now known, without the use of useless lumber, many of them contain.

From Zion's Herald.

It is one of the best collections of old and new Music we have seen. Its great character is that while it is sufficiently scientific, it is full of the soul of popular music.

Published by WM. J. REYNOLDS & CO., 24 Cornhill, Boston.

Aug 21

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ABBY E., wife of Rev. Robert Kellen, died at her mother's residence in Boston, Nov. 3, aged 30 years. Sister K. was the daughter of Alton Bartlett, Esq., of Portland, Me., who was a prominent member of the M. E. Church in that city for twenty-five years. She sought religion about twelve years since, and joined the church. Her sickness was long, and at times painful, but she died in peace and triumph. Bro. Kellen suffers peculiar affliction in this event, in that he was absent from home. Twenty days after her decease he returned from California, and first learned of her death at the house where she died. She leaves two little boys. May a kind Providence guide them to their mother's heavenly home.

L. CROWELL.

Boston, Dec. 11.

THOMAS LISWELL died in Feeding Hills, Oct. 30, in the 58th year of his age. Bro. Liswell was for many years a beloved member of the M. E. Church in this place, and filled several important offices in the church with acceptance. His powers gradually waned till "the wheels of life stood still." He died as lived, calmly relying on the merits of atoning blood for salvation. Much might be said of him in his various relations; but his record is on high, and his memory will be long cherished by the striken remnant of his family and his numerous friends.

ANSON LISWELL (only surviving son of the above) died at the residence of his late father, Nov. 25, in the 23d year of his age. He was a young man of promise; amiable, affectionate, and universally beloved; yet was enabled to lay all at the feet of Jesus, and died looking for an inheritance among the blessed. God bless the family who have thus been called to follow five of their number (three of the present year) to the grave, all by pulmonary consumption.

W. A. CLAPP.

Feeding Hills, Dec. 2.

JAMES KING, of Bath, N. H., died on Monday, Dec. 22, aged 85 years. He was a Revolutionary pensioner, having enlisted in the army of Independence towards the close of the war, at the age of 16. He enlisted as a soldier of Christ in the Methodist division of the grand army a half century ago, when the itinerants first raised a banner at Landaff. Since that time he has been known as an unpretending, but hopeful and consistent Christian, living at peace with God and man. His farm on Briar Hill, on which he dwelt for sixty-seven years, and which he reclaimed from a dreary wilderness, has been a home for two generations of Methodist preachers. He was ready to die. Being asked by his sons a little before his departure, "if he had a good hope through grace;" "O yes," said the old patriarch; "and in addition to the comforts of a good home and religion, I have always tried to live an honest man, and never knowingly wronged any." Without a struggle or a movement he passed away, his sun setting as sets the stars at the coming of day. Many were present at his funeral who listened to a discourse from the writer, upon "there remainteth a rest to the people of God." He was the father of nine children, the youngest aged 45, *all of them living*. Four generations of his kindred followed him to the grave. Let the old soldier rest.

ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

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FRANKLIN RAND, AGENT.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1850.

TERMS, \$1.50, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. { No. 52.
OFFICE, NO. 7 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

For the Herald and Journal.

WINTER.

Thou art here again, old Winter, with thy voice and tone unaltered,
The hills crest'd round' with emerald, with white are crested o'er;
There's not a forest leaflet where the summer sephyras gathered,
But through the naked branches the boreal tempests roar.

And still fair and glorious was thine array this morning!
The rain and frost together had been working through the night,
In the gloomy hours of darkness they had silently been forming
A scene of fairy loveliness to greet the dawning light.

The slightest shrubs in Nature with transparent ice encrusted,
Show the liquid sunlight like pearls of value rare;
The trees and thickets glittered with the gems to them entranced,
The hill-sides and the meadow plains were like a mirror fair.

And brilliant rays prismatic through the forest depths were glancing,
The myriad pendant icicles reflecting every hue;

Along its winding path the frosty stream was dancing
As little as when the summer flowers upon its borders grew.

To-night thou wearst, Winter, all thy gloomy, dreary features,
The rain and hail are rattling on the frosty window pane;
Ah! it is coming welcome to the poor neglected creatures
Who have no cover from the storm, no shelter from the rain?

The houses beggar longer than the rich man's dwelling,
Though oft repulsed, the piercing steel still drives at the door;

Again thrust out, his way or woe above the tempest swelling,
Ascended to the Holy One who pitch'd the house.

I could love this homeless Winter for the health it gives vigorous
To the heart that is still sincere; beneath the frosty summertime,
I could welcome thy chill aspect, for cold, relentless rigor,
Brings back the youthful buoyancy and strength of other days.

I could mourn thy transient empire, did thy coldness not awaken
Emotions that for aye presage how far we are from home;

Who will feel the pang? who confound the forsaken?

Who give to age and penury a refuge from the storm?

Hebron, Ct., Dec. 7.

L. HARMONY.

For the Herald and Journal.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE: OUR WORK.

That is right. Tell "Coke" he has hit the nail on the head. Many thanks. He spoke for me, and gave utterance to growing and oppressive convictions of my own soul, for the last six months. Let the reader turn back to the Herald of Dec. 4th, and read over again his first paragraph. Speaking of the call upon the M. E. Church to enlarge itself, he says:—

"But there are other fields for us to enter and cultivate; Christianity is aggressive, and so is Methodism—which is only the outgoing of a pure Christianity, all "in earnest." Now we must have churches in every important neighborhood within our bounds. And more; we must visit as did our fathers, the sparse school districts, and preach in the school-houses, barns, kitchens, groves and orchards, and win the people to God."

These few lines, if well appreciated by the Methodist community of New England, would become a magazine of moral power, imparting to itself *very soon* an entirely new aspect. There ought to be established to-morrow in the M. E. Church a thousand new Methodist meetings. This demand too is found in the largest cities, small cities, villages and country towns. Does the reader ask why? I answer, because there are not enough Methodist meetings. But it is said those already established are not crowded. Truly, and never will be; still more are needed—*now*.

Because, thousands on thousands do not, will, *and many cannot attend our present meetings*. Some live remote, some too poor to buy or rent seats, and too proud to depend on gratuitous seating, while others feel they are too poorly clad to appear in fashionable assemblies. All these classes, I need not say, constitute a large portion of the community. Yet many of these hunger for the bread of life, and die for lack of knowledge, who would gladly hear it in their own school-houses, dining-rooms and kitchens.

Not a few of these proposed new meetings are needed within a stone's throw of many of our splendid churches, in the heart of our populous cities. Then what are their suburbs? Moral wastes, inviting missionary labor, on ground soon to be the very bowels of these spreading cities. Now is the time to plant there, to save souls and save the ground.

New England Methodism in this particular, has fallen into a wrong line of march. To establish *new meetings* is not so much thought of, as to divide *old ones*. But how difficult the latter! What society ever feels itself able to divide? Long and tedious discussions, followed by alienations, often kill such enterprises. Then how slow and careful about new meetings! It will not do to begin till a society is in existence strong enough to build a church and support a preacher; but as few such societies are found ready made, we open a few new meetings.

What if we should try another policy. Go into all these places, city and country, especially the growing places, and where a few people can be found and a few children not connected with other meetings, and commence a Sabbath School. No matter how small the beginning—with a prospect—but begin. Invite the children and their parents to this meeting. Then in connection with the Sabbath School preach one sermon per day at least, even if the attendance is small, and let it be by some accredited local preacher. If this commencement occurs under very unfavorable circumstances, it may be well to have these services at an hour not to conflict with other meetings. Thus begun, these meetings can be carried on and increased as the Providence of God indicates; the preacher in charge having the entire oversight, and providing as best he can for these supplies. In most of these cases in a little time, by regular attention, good congregations will be gathered, souls will be converted, soon little chapels can be built plain and cheap, may be free—all the better—and the people give their "penny collection," and thus acquire the habit of giving something for privileges, to grow with their ability. How soon would numerous such beginnings become central and powerful churches.

What a field lies open in New England for such an enterprise! Read "Coke" over again. God will bless the preaching of his free salvation and the people will come to hear it, where the moral death of Calvinism, the ideal vagaries of Unitarian Transcendentalism, the senseless mummery of "the church," and mockery of Universalism leave the souls of the people to perish.

This scheme is practicable. "Coke" says it will cost money. Not much; and if it did, what then? Set all the local preachers at work in this business. There are more than a thousand and of them now suffering, for just such work. Nowhere in all the dominions of Methodism on this continent or the other, are our local preachers so idle as in New England; idle, because no work is assigned them; yet nowhere have they more talent or more facilities. Set them at this work, and without pay, as they do in Europe and our Middle States—let them preach, or take away their licenses and give no more. English local preachers not unfrequently preach twice and three times on the Sabbath, and walk from ten to fifteen miles, and never expect a money reward.

Thousands of well educated, young and middle aged people who are pious, are competent

and in waiting to take charge of, and teach in these Sabbath Schools; more of such in New England than any other place. The people here, living more compactly, are more easily collected for worship than elsewhere. What is there, then, in the way of such a scheme? What facility is lacking? God calls. Here is a new mission for our beloved Methodism; and if she does it not, she will be superceded. Let nothing, not even education, divert her attention from this subject.

I assert three things of New England Methodism: 1. It is far ahead of Methodism in all other places in its educational interests. 2. It is far behind Wesleyan Methodism, and Episcopalian Methodism in our Middle States, in denominational zeal and enterprise in carrying its conquests into "the regions beyond" itself. 3. It is doing less for the masses, and especially the poor, in proportion to its ability, than anywhere else. Kind reader, don't be angry at these bold assertions, till you have examined the subject at least.

Bro. "Coke," if you have set Bro. Raymond to agitating about a new school-house, "all right;" God bless the good man in so good a work; but can you not somewhere invoke a sleeping Jonah, to assist you in agitating this other subject, which it seems to the writer, *now* should take precedence of all others. This is a serious and momentous question: who will give it thought and movement? Why not Mr. Editor, now that your "pen is in ink" on great questions. Give us one blast of your clarion that shall call to arms the hosts of God's elect against the powers of darkness, the whole length of the Atlantic coast—a blast that holds not echo old Fabian's tin horn, that makes music for "The old man of the mountain."

Mount Prospect, Dec. 11. OBSERVER.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE BLACKSMITH WELL PAID.

Bro. STEVENS:—Being some weeks ago in the city of Providence, R. I., we stepped into a blacksmith's shop to have a little chat with a good Methodist brother. We found him engaged shoeing an ox. After conversation on subjects of higher importance, we inquired of Sammy Hicks' relative (*in trade only we mean*) if he would be willing to shoe the ox, receiving in pay for the same one grain of corn for the first nail, four for the second and so forth, continuing this ratio unto the last of the 32 nails! Without a moment's hesitation he replied, "I should be glad to do so—I should never need to *shoe another!*" A friend who had accompanied us—an educated man—smiled at what he supposed our blacksmith's ignorance of figures. His impression was, that the man of the anvil knew more about "fixing a shoe" than of working geometrical progression. But how our man of "ledger" and "day book" did stare—how incredulous did he look when informed that all the warehouses in Providence would not furnish sufficient accommodation for "housing the corn!" Well, sir, here we left the master—*Vulcan laughing and Quillman dubbing*.

Having much affection for our two friends, and *feeling no desire to see the men become uncomfortable* fat with laughing, or the other *sheer blue* with doubt, we have tried to settle the matter in dispute between them by placing it in something like sober shape. The following is the result of our *sheving*:

At the above rate of payment the shoeing of this ox will cost \$6,006,709,597,349,487,701 grains of corn. If we reckon 82,944 grains to the bushel, we have 72,418,856,051,668 bushels.

If we sell this corn at 60 cents bushel it will yield us \$43,451,313,631,000. If we estimate the average length of these vessels at 140 feet. Let us now arrange them in one continuous line—ship touching ship—and they would encompass the world nearly 100 times!

Now should our good friend receive his pay—which, however, he entertains some doubt of—will he take therefrom \$1,000,000 for "domestic purposes," for he has somewhere read, "He that provides not for his own," &c. Now he has no desire to procure for himself so odious a character. The rest he leaves at our disposal.

He expresses himself as having entire confidence in our "ability" and "honesty" to do the thing which is "right." Having then been installed as executor for the richest man in the world, our "ability" for the business confided to our care shall be shown by first helping *ourselves* to a trifling, for we long since subscribed to the deservedly popular creed, "Charity begins at home."

None will presume to question our honesty when we express ourselves as "amply compensated" with the very modest sum of \$2,000,000. But some *mean souls* will perhaps object, "You help yourself to double the amount you allow your employer." "And what of that, then?" It would not speak very well for our *act*, as "a limb of the law," what very might be said in behalf of our *honesty*, did we not become *much richer* than any of our clients. So that whining scoundrel may just "shut up." We shall look well to our "fact" and "fee." Our client is pledged for our *honesty*.

And now with the surplus we will accomplish wonders. For though we believe "Charity begins at home," we never supposed it ought to stop there. To every nation of the earth—monarchical or republican—we would say, "If you will for the future abstain from bloodshed—the fruitful source of national bankruptcy—come to our treasury and free yourselves from your millions of national liabilities." To those engaged in the Missionary enterprise we say, "Come to our coffers." Take sufficient to enable you to build churches and school-houses to every part of our *beneighted* world. Plant the standard of the cross in *every clime*. Preach the doctrines of reconciliation in *every tongue*. To the lovers of learning the same invitation is extended. Enlarge your plans, and extend your sphere of usefulness as far as possible. Our resources will sustain you. The good Samaritan and the philanthropist will *please draw near*. Your sympathies and plans have long been too big for your resources. We have more than sufficient for your most enlarged schemes of beneficence. Now after meeting all these applications, our wealth is still beyond computation; we would therefore notify all the needy and deserving—whether individuals or corporations—to "send in their name" or "card" to the editor of Zion's Herald, and so soon as we shall receive the full amount of our *sheving bill*, their applications shall be promptly attended to.

R. DONKERSLEY.

Osterville, Mass., Dec. 13.

For the Herald and Journal.

SPRINGFIELD WESLEYAN SEMINARY.

The examination of the pupils of this flourishing institution, made before the Board of Visitors at the close of the fall term, was one highly creditable, not only to the principal and his assistants, but also to the large class of young ladies and gentlemen in attendance. This examination was conducted to the entire satisfaction of the Board, evincing on the part of the different teachers, a thorough, practical knowledge of the various branches by them attempted to be taught, displaying on their part a peculiar aptitude to teach by demonstrations and plain familiar illustrations, and on the part of the pupils a remarkable promptness and precision in answering the various questions proposed, that could not have been acquired but by a close and rigid application to the different studies pursued.

We would by no means be invidious in our remarks to any, but cannot do justice to our own feelings without a particular allusion to the large class in physiology. Upon this new, interesting, and, we think, highly important branch, the examination proved on the part of the class, an application and proficiency that would be creditable to much older and more advanced scholars. Some general knowledge of the geography of our country, the location and extent of its principal rivers, mountains, and lakes, its soil, climate, and natural products, together with the manners and customs of its inhabitants, has been long deemed indispensable in almost any situation in life; particularly so to such as make any pretensions to literature—but until quite recently no thought has been entertained, that a knowledge of the peculiar construction of our own bodies was of the least moment, or even suitable for the common scholar, but designed only for the physician and anatomist.

We require, too, of those who become, or offer to, instructors of our youth, some knowledge of the heavenly bodies, their distances from the earth, their revolutions, densities, and the influence exerted by each on the other, so far as known, by the powers of attraction and repulsion, and a great variety of interesting and useful facts, to be ignorant of which would be quite disreputable; but to "know themself, enough for man to know," has scarce attracted a passing notice. We think the study one of very great importance, eminently calculated to lead the mind of the student to profitable reflections, and cultivate a devotional state of mind towards the Author of our being. In view of these and many other considerations we might mention, we cheerfully recommend a continuance of this branch of instruction in this school.

The closing exercise of the term was an exhibition, in which quite a number of the ladies and gentlemen participated, furnishing to a large and evidently delighted audience an intellectual treat of an entertaining and instructive character, and highly creditable to the individuals taking part in the performances. The gentlemanly and courteous bearing of the students towards each other and especially towards the teachers, was gratifying and pleasing. On the whole, we feel justified in saying that this school, as now conducted, is not excelled by any of a similar character known to us in the State. Located in one of the most flourishing and pleasant villages in the State, with a population of sober, industrious, enterprising citizens, the influences thereby exerted upon the young ladies and gentlemen who assemble here for intellectual pursuits, are healthful and beneficial.

The boarding-house belonging to the institution is commodious and well arranged, and under the care of the Rev. Mr. Eastman and his excellent family, promises all that can reasonably be expected.

Those wishing to place their sons or daughters in a boarding-school where their moral as well as physical education is cared for, and where no unreasonable restraints are attempted to be enforced, may safely confide them to the managers of this institution.

C. FRENCH, Secretary.

Springfield, Vt., Dec. 12.

PEASANT OCCUPATION, AND THE POWER OF MOTIVE.

Many persons of both sexes, but particularly females, suffer for want of steady employment. One of the most useful rules concerning health is, "keep constantly employed." It is not necessary to work to excess; such a thing is possible, but not very common.

In order, however, to reap the full healthful benefit of acting, we must have elevated motives.

A person who only works because he must work, will not grow very largely in health and vigor. He may avoid sickness, and that is nearly all; but having an important end in view he not only receives benefit from the proper exercise of bone and muscle, and the proper agitation of the internal organs, but gains much in addition from the stimulus and pleasure of expectation.

An individual is much less fatigued by performing labor which pleases him, than by performing the same amount of labor in which he takes no sort of interest.

Now there is a large portion of mankind who suffer from a want of pleasant and powerful motives to activity. This is, we have intimated, is more particularly the case with females, than with males.

The former often labor without profit, and are compelled to do so by a feeble constitution.

One reason why the conjugal state is in many cases more healthy than celibacy, is because the former, notwithstanding its numerous trials and perplexities, which inflict much wear and tear upon the human constitution, is accompanied by the stimulus of expectancy, and of elevated motives.

Its work is not task work.

The love of gain, so far as health is concerned,

is better than no motive at all.

The love of pleasure, if we can get no higher motive for exertion, is more beneficial than compulsory labor;

but even, then, laboring from mere habit.

It is supposed by some that all the benefits which accrue to industry are gained when they labor from mere habit, leaving neither pain nor fatigue.

It is indeed better for the creature of habit—who is little better than a machine—that there be no friction, no mental opposition, but to expect much improvement is useless.

We think, however, that it is not enough that there be no *deterioration* by friction or otherwise; man is intended to be a creature of progress.

The desire of pleasing others, or the love of reputation, is a higher motive than either of those I have named; and therefore more beneficial.

Under its influence the feeble grow strong, and

the strong attain to a higher degree of health. Some are industrious from this motive, whom no other motive can reach.

But there is a smaller number still who reap the blessings which God, in his providence, has appended to incessant activity, because they have regarded in every movement, *His holy will and pleasure*. This desire of pleasing God by industry is the highest motive to exertion which can be conceived. It does not necessarily exclude the love of man and the desire of securing his approbation, nor does it entirely exclude the love of pleasure and of gain; it simply holds these lower motives in subordination, if not in abeyance. They who are in continual activity, because they are under the full influence of all these motives, are found to possess the most mental and bodily health and vigor.

But the worst condition of humanity, in male or female form—I speak still with regard to health—is found where there is no motive at all to labor either with the hands or the brain; so that the miserable lump of earth (for it scarcely deserves a better name) drags out an existence which it were difficult to say is most blamable or pitiable. Alas, how many thousands of females never enjoy high health for a moment of their lives for this very reason, that they never have enough of active, pleasant employment with sufficient motive to keep their thoughts from preying upon themselves. But the subject is too vast for a single column of a newspaper. It deserves a volume.—Watchman and Reflector.

For the Herald and Journal.

SOLEMN WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

Your business as men possessed of the activity, strength and vigor of youth, necessarily exposes you to many dangers, and involves you in many risks. There are times in which you really hazard all your interests for the present and the future, by relying upon your dexterity for deliverance. Two most painful instances of this kind have recently occurred in this community. The one was a young man, Mr. Mark Colcord, Jr., a son of pious parents. He was deferring the work of salvation to a more convenient period of life. He had just formed resolutions of amendment in some respects, much to the gratification of his anxious

Herald and Journal.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1850.

THE FIRST REGULAR NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Lynn—Its First Chapel—The Conference—Notes of Character.

Whitcomb—The Roll—Clerical Celibacy—Examination of Clerics—Co-ses—Finances.

On the morning of Friday, July 18, 1850, began the first regular session of the New England Conference. Several irregular sessions had occurred in Connecticut, Massachusetts and Maine during the preceding ten years, but the New England appointments were now for the first definitely organized into an Annual Conference by the authority of the General Conference.

The session was opened by Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat in the new Methodist chapel of Lynn—a village beautifully located on the sea coast, miles North of Boston, and of which Asbury predicted, nine years before, that "Here we shall make a firm stand, and from this central point, from Lynn shall the light of Methodism radiate through the State." A prophecy which has been fulfilled, for from Lynn as his head-quarters did Lee, down to the period of this Conference, go forth ever and anon himself, and send his assistant laborers into not only Massachusetts, but New Hampshire, Maine and Rhode Island, until now Methodism was permanently founded in all those States. Lynn itself has not only multiplied sevenfold its Methodist places of worship and given to the church more than a score of travelling and local preachers, but has the peculiar and signal honors of having been the locality of the *first Methodist society* and the *first Methodist chapel* of the Commonwealth; and of the first irregular as well as the first regular *New England Conference*, the birth-place of the *first native Methodist preacher* of the Eastern States, and of the *first Methodist Missionary Society* of the United States.

The chapel in which the Conference of 1800 convened had been erected nearly ten years, but it was thrown up in haste, being dedicated in five days after it was framed, and occupied in less than two weeks after its foundation was laid; it remained at this date quite an inferior and incomplete structure. Nearly a hundred warm-hearted Methodists, however, welcomed the devoted itinerants to its humble altar and to their bountiful homes.

Twenty-one members, Asbury informs us, were present. The estimate included himself and Whatcoat, and not the probationers, who were six in number. The records of the session—the first Conference records of New England—are yet extant. The roll presents names which have since become noted and endeared throughout the church.

It would, we doubt not, be interesting, exceedingly interesting, to the Methodist whose eye now rests on these lines, to be more fully introduced to this first regular assembly of the fathers of his church, the veterans who brought among our families the benign and vital theology of Methodism; for the founders of what American religious sect have left behind them more heroic reminiscences or more enduring sympathies than these self-sacrificing apostles? men! A half century has, however, passed away since they met; only a scattered few of them, infirm and in retired life, await the call to rejoin their departed fellow-laborers; but one, (Daniel Webb,) we believe, remains in active service, and the date of this period whether recorded or remembered are too imperfect to be composed into any satisfactory historic picture. Still the surviving witnesses of this session delight in recalling the truly great men who sat in it. Most of them we have noticed in our "Memorials."

Asbury, not yet very aged, but wrinkled and debilitated by care and labor, was present, guiding the proceedings with his rare sagacity, and discriminating with the skill of a Lawer the characters of men presented before him for the first time.*

Lee was there, frequently relieving the drudgery of business with his genial humor and apt repartee, not unmixed with the devout utterances of a humble though cheerful piety.

Piskering sat amidst the group a young man, observed for his personal beauty, blooming with health, his hair flowing in curls upon his shoulders, and his remarks, very seldom made, noticeable for their laconic significance and point.

Timothy Merritt, though quite youthful, being but about 25 years old, gave ensign promise among them, both of piety and theological ability.

Beauchamp was there, a man of the noblest style of intellect, who had come from the banks of the Monongahela to the help of the New England evangelists, and who lacked but two votes in the General Conference of 1823 of an election to the episcopal office. There also were Joshua Tayor, benign and beloved; Joseph Snelling, overflowing with amiability, and the first Methodist preacher raised up in Boston; John Finnegan, full of Irish heartiness and quaintness, and an indomitable laborer; Ephraim Kirby, only 23 years old, and but two years in the ministry, yet strong in the promise of a brilliant and original mind, which subsequently rendered him one of the most popular preachers of the connection; and Daniel Webb, "a man of unblemished character," said his brethren of the time, and characterized by the direct pertinency of his remarks in the Conference.

Elijah R. Sabine, still on trial, was examined; he traversed the Needham circuit the preceding year, and being a zealous, determined man, had been persecuted and maimed in some of the villages where he preached in the open air; he persisted, nevertheless, though sometimes worsted by the mob, who silenced him with drum and fife. Some of his more fastidious brethren rebuked him in the Conference for his excessive zeal; Asbury, however, defended him, affirming that "this was the way Methodist preachers began, and we need warn hearts to carry the work forward."* The secretary of the Conference records that "he was carefully examined respecting his moral character, gifts, grace and usefulness; and was judged to be a pious and useful preacher—some remarks were made on his attempt to introduce field preaching; but his zeal was applauded and he was continued on trial."

Joshua Soule, now senior Bishop of the M. E. Church, South, had commenced preaching under the Presiding Elders in Maine; he was not present, but being on trial was examined.

A man of great talents, so called; and though Bro. Taylor who spoke concerning him thought him in great danger of highmindedness, yet he with others judged that if Bro. Soule continued humble and faithful, he would become a useful minister in our church and continued.

Sustaining a good moral character, he continued on trial.

Another member had ventured to marry the preceding year. He was examined respecting his character and present situation. Having been married but a short time, he observed that he could leave his wife with her parents and take a station as a travelling minister. It was however suggested that an inconvenience would attend his being continued on trial on account of his wife—that he would not be willing to go any great distance from her father's, and that it would be impracticable to give him a station near home, but a vote passed that he should be continued on trial—his moral character being unimpeachable.

The venerable Asa Heath still remains in the State of Maine; the Record says of him:—

Having served for many years as a probationer, and having been a faithful and useful preacher, he after due examination was unanimously voted into the connection, and elected to the office of a deacon in our church.

Confot Smith is said to "have travelled two years at his own expense, and is characterized as 'a useful preacher,' and as 'sustaining a good moral character.'"

Daniel Webb is pronounced "a man of unblemished character," and "being examined was voted into connection and elected to the office of a deacon's office."

John Finnegan was a unique character, excessive in his oddities, yet full of shrewd sense, and a really holy man—a sort of humorous devotee. "Bro. Finnegan," says the Record, "is truly a man of piety and good morals, but possesses peculiarities; hence he is not so well received as some when he goes first on to his circuit, but though many things have been said respecting him, he was unanimously elected to the office of an elder in our church."

Testimony is borne to "the unblemished character" of young Timothy Merritt, and he was "unanimously elected to the office of Elder."

"The Elders were all examined," adds the Secretary, "one by one, and counted worthy and useful men."

One melancholy item stands among these brief but significant notices. Stephen Hull withdrew from the small pioneer band, following the example of his brother Elias Hull, who had left them two years before. "The good Lord have mercy on him!" say his brethren in their record of the case. These brothers both became Congregational clergymen, but like most others who have deserted our ministry for the greater ease or emolument of other positions, both were disappointed in their hopes, and one was "expelled from his new communion on charges of grave delinquency"†

The Conference Records contain also an account of the money received by the preachers present. The early Methodist preachers emphatically offered the Gospel to the people "without money and without price." The word "allowance" had been substituted in their Book of Discipline for the term "salary." They did not and do not now associate with their congregations by a binding contract for a definite remuneration; and though the Discipline specifies the amount of their "allowance," it is not received on an average, in one half the appointments, and no subsequent claim on the society remains when the amount falls. Down to 1800 the receipts of each member were reported at the Conference, and after deducting his "quarterage" the surplus went towards equalizing as far as possible the deficit of his fellow laborers. Even private presents, whether in clothing or money, were required to be reported and estimated in the apportionment. These self-sacrificing men were as one family in those days of privation, and what little they had, they had in common.

At the General Conference of 1800 this rule was altered so far as to exempt private donations from the estimate. Hitherto the "allowance" had been \$64, beside travelling

Astury was noted among the preachers for an almost inflexible adherence to the strictest economy from their physiognomy and bearing and for the independence with which he made known such esti- mates.

MS. Records of the Conference, p. 5.

2 Minutes for 1807.

any traces of the good man's presence remain, they are redolent with the sanctity of his character.

We have but few intimations of the business of the session. Asbury said, "We had great peace and union." Ralph Williston, from the Middle States, acted as Secretary. The old Records give us the following list of members who were in attendance:—Jesse Lee, George Pickering, Joshua Wells, Joshua Taylor, Josiah Hall, Andrew Nichols, William Beauchamp, Thomas F. Sargent, Daniel Fidler, Ralph Williston, Confort Smith, John Finnegan, Daniel Webb, Reuben Hubbard, Confort Smith, Truman Bishop. The first twelve were elders, the rest deacons. Three persons, Nathan Emory, Elijah R. Sabine and John Merrick, were continual on trial. Three were recommended by Quarterly Conferences to be received on trial. John Gove was recommended from Needham circuit, then an extensive field of labor supplied by two preachers, now divided into numerous stations; Joseph Baker was recommended from the Kennebec circuit in Maine; Daniel Ricker was also presented as a candidate, but was not received, the Conference considering that, being a married man, he could do better service to the church as a local preacher. Marriage was a serious impediment in those days of long circuits and small salaries. The records of this session contain some curious references to the subject, which show that it was a case of no little deliberation and solicitude. Of one preacher the secretary notes, that "He was recommended to this Conference as a proper candidate for the travelling ministry, but was rejected, he being obliged by his promise to marry a certain person at some future though uncertain period—and it being uncertain how long, should his life be protracted, he would continue in the travelling order. It was agreed that he should be received and travel but a short time, he then desisting, would wound the cause, but may be useful as a local preacher."

Even preachers in full membership with the Conference were called to account for incurring this formidable embarrassment, and the propriety of retaining them was discussed.

A usage exists in Methodist Conferences which is without a parallel, we believe, in any other ecclesiastical body. Every member, however venerable with piety and long services, is annually subjected to a sort of judicial examination, put under a virtual arrest, even though there might not be an intimation against his character. No exception is admitted save that of the presiding officer, who is tried in a similar manner at the General Conference. The member thus under examination must stand frankly before all his assembled brethren, my and all whom may question him. His faults or even mannerisms, are deemed proper subjects of comment and brotherly counsel; if they amount to vice, the inquiry is converted into a formal trial, and adjudicated according to the laws of the church. This is a severe discipline, and might seem oppressive, but it is self-imposed, it has the sanction of primitive usage, it gives a peculiar confidence and an even tenorless to the mutual relations of Methodist preachers, and has been very salutary in preserving the purity of the ministry. The Records of 1800, though brief, contain some curious notes of these "examinations of integrity." They show the frankness, the simplicity and integrity of our fathers.

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Returns from the various circuits were reported during the session, and afforded much encouragement to the friendly little company. It had been a year of widespread prosperity. A reformation had extended over the Bath and Union circuit in Maine, under the tireless labors of the quaker John Finnegan; he reported a gain of fifty members; Vermont had witnessed, under the labors of Elijah Hedding, Joseph Mitchell, Joseph Sawyer, Joseph Crawford and Elijah Chickering, the most remarkable effects of the power of the Gospel yet known; his circuit; the truth "ran and was glorified" on each side of the Green Mountains, and five hundred persons were added to the Methodist societies of the State, while hundreds, converted through Methodist instrumentalities, entered other communions. Joshua Hall and Truman Bishop had good reports from Rhode Island; their work had enlarged so much as to require the formation of a new circuit. In Connecticut the church had enjoyed a general outpouring of the Spirit. Shadrach Bostwick, who had been Presiding Elder of the New London District, was not present, but Asbury had been informed by a letter from him of the progress of the circuits under his care. He wrote:—

The Lord has honored us with some of the most glorious meetings I have seen. I am sure that the Lord came down with mighty power. Many were struck, and fell from their seats prostrate upon the floor, crying in bitter agony, some for conversion, and others for confirmation of grace. I have seen the Rev. Mr. McDonald, and Mr. McCord, and Mr. Clegg, and Mr. Dyer, and Mr. Ladd, and Mr. Wadsworth, and well knew what to do. The New London friends carried the flame into the city, and this brought on a quieting there; about sixteen members joined in on a quieting day, and many more in the circuit. Our second Quarterly Meeting was at Hartford, and they left a dry and dead house; two or three professed to be converted, and five continued on their knees, begging for mercy, for near twenty years, none had been converted there. The next meeting was at New Haven, and they left a dry and dead house; twenty-four professed to be converted, and the whole congregation appeared to be converted, and the meeting contained nearly all the Sabbath night. Upon the whole, this circuit in general is in a beautiful and prosperous way. Old Tolland Circuit, that had been quieted in the winter, had a quieting there; and a quieting there; about twenty souls professed to be converted, and the meeting contained nearly all the Sabbath night. The Lord came down with mighty power. Many were struck, and fell from their seats prostrate upon the floor, crying in bitter agony, some for conversion, and others for confirmation of grace. I have seen the Rev. Mr. McDonald, and Mr. Clegg, and Mr. Dyer, and Mr. Ladd, and Mr. Wadsworth, and well knew what to do. The New London friends carried the flame into the city, and this brought on a quieting there; about sixteen members joined in on a quieting day, and many more in the circuit. 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For the Herald and Journal.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE HERALD AND JOURNAL

We hail thee with increased delight,
Since thy decided stand,
To dispossess the moral right.
That shales our happy land.

We love thee with a paroxysm,
And come to deck thy brow
With laurels thou hast won, to prove
Our ever truthful vow.

We speak for thee extended fame,
A glorious career;
So bright, and pure, that on thy name
No stain shall e'er appear.

Then speed thee on, in truth's own way,
Thou messenger of light;
Overthrow the wrong, O chase away
Our country's direst blight.

South Yarmouth.

ELIZA.

• New Subscribers.

MARINER'S HYMN.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

Father in Heaven, our prayer is to Thee;
O guide us, and save us, while roaming the sea!
The winds and the waters thy voice but obey;
With mercy inspire them, and smile on our way.

Thou art Almighty! but feeble are we;
And lost—if thou leave us alone on the sea.

Down in the fathomless depths of the flood,
Lie hosts that were slain with no shedding of blood:
Their eyes quenched forever, their wavy hearts made cold;
Where, worthless, are strewn precious gems and pure gold.

There, whereon the stately Death-Angels fly,
Great Spirit of Life, keep us now, or we die!

Bilowy mountains around us may rise,
And sail-winged storms sweep wild o'er the skies;
Our bark may be lashed by the surge and the blast—
To dread heights be tossed, or in yawning gulfs cast;

Death armed with terror, his work shall bear,

O God! if thou hear us—To Thee is our prayer.

Father in Heaven, by night or by day,
With moonbeams and stars, or the sun, light our way!
O! breathe in the breezes, our canvas to fill—
And when waves are raging, say, "Peace! be ye still!"

Thou art Eternal!—of few days are we;
Uphold thy frail children who roam o'er the sea.

SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW—CONSTITUTION—RESERVED RIGHTS.

M. EDITOR:—The people of the free States are charged with threatening to violate the Constitution of the United States. Are they guilty or not guilty? I answer, not guilty! But do they not threaten to refuse obedience to the recently enacted Fugitive Slave Law? I answer, yes! But this Fugitive Slave Law and the Constitution are not only very different things, but they are also very opposite to each other in their character—quite antagonistic; so much so that obedience to the law would be a violation of the Constitution, and a violation of the law would be obedience to the Constitution. But was not the law made to carry into effect a provision of the Constitution? Very true. But neither a revision of the Constitution, nor any other provision of the Constitution imposes on the Congress of the United States the absolute obligation to enact any law to carry into effect the design of that provision. Congress is left to be its own judge of its duty with regard to constitutional provisions of that nature. They contain in themselves all the elements of law, and need no other law to aid their enforcement. But if it were the case that the Constitution did make it the duty of Congress to enact a law, to carry into effect the provision in question, it does not require that body to enact such a law as the Fugitive Slave Law. The truth is, the enactment of this law on the part of Congress is altogether a gratuitous act. Both branches of the Federal Legislature have voluntarily and from the promptings of their own servile hearts passed a law, which offers a gross insult to the people of the free States, inflicts a grievous wrong on a suffering, oppressed and outraged class of human beings, and disgraces the nation before the whole world. And this is but a part of the crime of which they are guilty. They have actually violated the Constitution in several of its most important provisions. And they have done this in so palpable a manner that it does not require the acumen of a lawyer or a statesman to see it. Those who are gifted with but a moderate share of common sense see the glaring discrepancies between the law and the Constitution, the opinion of Attorney General Crittenden to the contrary notwithstanding. Any one who will take the pains to collate these two documents cannot fail to see the points of disagreement between them. Let the 2d paragraph of section 9 of article 1 of the Constitution be compared with the last clause of the 6th section of the law, and the conclusion cannot be avoided, that that clause suspends the writ of habeas corpus. The only attempt I have seen made to avoid it, is to deny that the habeas corpus writ is a process. But no fair minded man would resort to such a quibble. Let again the 3d paragraph of section 2, article 3, and also article 7 of the amendments be compared with the 6th section of the law, and it will be seen that the right of trial by jury is a constitutional right, and that the law denies to the fugitive slave that right. The only way to avoid that conclusion is either to take the position that remaining away from slavery is no crime, or that a man's liberty is not worth more than \$20. But once more, let section 1 article 1 be compared with the 4th section of the law, and it will be seen that the law violates the Constitution, by creating a set of judges not required to serve during "good behavior," and not having a stated compensation or salary, as required by the Constitution; but instead thereof, it furnishes no guarantee at all of good behavior, and offers a bribe of \$5 to furnish a certificate to the claimant of the fugitive, that will insure his own safe return with his victim, to the land of bondage. Several other instances of antagonism, of minor importance, might be pointed out between the Constitution and the law, and indeed the whole tenor and spirit of the latter is in perfect conflict with that of the former. There is, however, one point more, so vital in its character, that it ought not to be passed over without consideration. It is the direct contact in which this law comes with religious liberty. The "free exercise of religion" is secured to the people of the United States by article 1 of the amendments of the Constitution. The Christian religion, the prevailing religion professed in the country, requires that "all things whatsoever we would that men should do unto us, we should do even so to them." This is the substance of the law by which Christians are bound to be governed. If a Christian should be escaping from bondage, fatigued and fainting, cold and hungry, and call at the door of a human habitation, would he not desire the hospitalities of that habitation, and the protection of its inmates against his pursuers? And does not the exercise of our religion require that we should extend the same hospitalities and the same protection to others under the same circumstances? But an evasion of this conclusion may be attempted by supposing the language "exercise

"of religion," to have no reference to the practice of the duties of religion, but only to the observance of its forms and ceremonies. But it should be remembered that many discard all forms, and make this religion to consist only in the exercise of virtues. If, therefore, the evader be right, such could claim no right of protection, in the exercise of their religion, from the Constitution.

In that case the protection would only extend to particular classes of religionists, which shows the fallacy of the supposition. The only legitimate conclusion is, that the Fugitive Slave Law prohibits, under pains and penalties, the free exercise of the religion of Jesus Christ. It is not fitting that the priestess should use all legal means to secure the freedom of these poor fugitives? Would it accord with our ideas of the religious office in a heathen land even for a priestess of one of the temples to exhibit any enthusiastic zeal in hurrying them, summarily back to that servitude from which they had escaped?

Our second thought was how it would strike any one in a Christian country, to see a Christian minister putting himself forward prominently as an agent in sending back to bondage those who once were slaves, but who by their own efforts have become personally free. Would it not seem to be in accordance with his office, to use all legal methods to secure the poor man's liberty, and to take pains to discover how far under the law he could protect the fugitive, rather than to ascertain for practical purposes what power the law gave to seize him and lead him back? We think there are few persons who would not prefer to see a minister overzealous for human freedom rather than human slavery. It is certainly best of all that he should stand, if possible, precisely on the truth; but if he should chance to err it had better be on the side of humanity—on the side of man, rather than on the side of the money.—CH. Register.

refuses to surrender them on the ground that the law protects them from seizure if they can but reach the altar of the goddess. The owner still endeavors to gain possession of them, but is driven off by violence, and the liberty of the girls is maintained. Two thoughts have come to our mind in reading this play.

1. On the whole, was it not creditable to the country that the temple of one of the gods should be a safe shelter for an innocent girl who had been kidnapped in her childhood, and who now was escaping from bondage. To say the least, was it not fitting that the priestess should use all legal means to secure the freedom of these poor fugitives? Would it accord with our ideas of the religious office in a heathen land even for a priestess of one of the temples to exhibit any enthusiastic zeal in hurrying them, summarily back to that servitude from which they had escaped?

2. Our second thought was how it would strike any one in a Christian country, to see a Christian minister putting himself forward prominently as an agent in sending back to bondage those who once were slaves, but who by their own efforts have become personally free. Would it not seem to be in accordance with his office, to use all legal methods to secure the poor man's liberty, and to take pains to discover how far under the law he could protect the fugitive, rather than to ascertain for practical purposes what power the law gave to seize him and lead him back? We think there are few persons who would not prefer to see a minister overzealous for human freedom rather than human slavery. It is certainly best of all that he should stand, if possible, precisely on the truth; but if he should chance to err it had better be on the side of humanity—on the side of man, rather than on the side of the money.—CH. Register.

"If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?"

I have read many things in the Herald, both from the pen of the editor and correspondents, that I like exceedingly well; but for sometime have looked with anxiety to learn of some movement by which, what I suppose to be the present sufferings of those who have fled to Canada as a city of refuge.

Although the Government of Victoria affords that protection they sought in vain in our free States (?) we cannot reasonably expect that their want of clothing, food, &c., will be supplied from Canada or Great Britain. And unless there is something done of which I have not heard, I think it important that there should be some means to alleviate the sympathy of the people may follow them in some shape that will be of some substantial service. Numbers have assured me that if there was some medium through which it could be done, they would aid them.

By the request of some whose opinion I highly regard, I have written to my brother, J. C. Aspinwall, who spent considerable time five years since in begging for the fugitives then in Canada, and in travelling among them—proposing to him to go among them again, and be the almoner of those who wish to aid them, and I received a reply from him last evening in which he assures me that had he seen any way to be released from his district he would have been among them before this time, but that there is no chance for him to go this winter.

Now, Bro. Stevens, if you, or some one else, will tell us of the suitable man who can and will go, I have no doubt he will find the aid necessary to assist him in a labor of love.

N. W. ASPENWALL.
Gilmanton, N. H., Dec. 13.

LADIES.

For the Herald and Journal.

ONE HUNDRED DYING SAYINGS

OF THE WIVES OF METHODIST PREACHERS.

"Our people die well!"—D. NEWTON.

NO. L

M. EDITOR:—I have frequently inquired, when I have seen the intelligent, the virtuous, and the fair, uniting their temporal interests with those who have no "cottage in the wilderness," and whose bright hopes for the future were founded only upon the general promises of God, what could be the real motives which determined their course of life. It could not be they sought a life of ease and temporal felicity; for the wife of the itinerant sees prospect, privations, and toils, as great as a Christian faith can well endure. It could not be that they closed their eyes to the real circumstances in which they were about to place themselves, and saw only the romance connected with such a life—their intelligence and pieté which forbade it. I have looked, after the difficulties which they had seen in prospect had become sad realities, to mark how they were then affected. All, to be sure, have not evinced the same spirit of meekness, resignation, and moral heroism; yet, when from the borders of the grave, a retrospective of the whole of life has been taken, I have never known an instance in which a solitary regret has been uttered, that the best of life has been devoted to the service of God in the itinerancy. The conviction that divine wisdom has directed their course and given them surpassing opportunities for usefulness, has sweetened the cup of affliction, and added new joys in the hour of dissolving nature. The examples which follow, do not belong exclusively to the wives of the itinerant; they embrace the "sayings" of those whose companions were connected with every department of our work, from the episcopacy to the local relation. And they show that those whose great business has been to make others happy, have not themselves been deprived of happiness. God has watched over those who have smiled through their tears, to give encouragement to the wavering, and support to the strong, and will permit them to share in the joys which their husbands have gained to deck the crown of their rejoicing forever.

"Christ is exceedingly precious; he is glorious in all his offices. I shall soon be with him."—Mrs. Mary, wife of Rev. Wm. Black, of Halifax, N. S., aged 72.

"I have confidence in God, that when I die, angels will carry my soul to the paradise of God."—Mrs. Betsy, wife of Rev. Raphael Gilbert, aged 34.

"The longer I suffer, the better I feel."—Mrs. Julia A., wife of Rev. J. R. Pitts, aged 30.

"Glory, glory, glory to God, for all his blessings. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and wait my soul to immortal joys."—Mrs. Hetty, wife of Rev. J. Smith, aged 40.

"O, my dear, (addressing her husband,) preach holiness of heart. I never until lately felt the necessity of holiness; neither have I until lately enjoyed it as I do now."—Mrs. Julia A., wife of Rev. John Moffit, aged 24.

"You (addressing her husband) must give me up. I am going to heaven! Take care of the children, and don't let them stand; pull them to heaven with you."—Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Rev. F. Dozier, aged 49.

"Glory, glory, bless the Lord! O, the goodness of God, to stoop so low as to visit such a poor creature as I am! I was weak, but I am strong! Thank the Lord! O, he is coming,

with some dissatisfaction on the part of older

he is coming! My Saviour smiles, and bids me come! I shall soon join the general assembly and church of the first-born! O, heavenly views!"—Mrs. Mary, wife of Rev. W. Simmons, aged 29.

To a friend, who remarked to her, "You are sinking fast," she replied, "Thank God, I shall be the sooner at home." Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Rev. Wm. Clay.

"O, I shall soon be singing in heaven."—Mrs. S., wife of Rev. J. W. Hill, aged 23.

"That God, on whom I have leaned in my sickness, and who has supported me in my affliction, will not leave me now."—Mrs. Minerva, wife of Rev. Merritt Bates, aged 25.

"Jesus will provide; Jesus is my all."—Mrs. Mary W., wife of Rev. S. Gosling, aged 41.

"O, what music in heaven! Farewell, (addressing her husband,) go on and preach the Gospel. God will be with you."—Mrs. Sarah W., wife of Rev. J. W. Clark.

"Blessed be the name of Jesus."—Mrs. E., wife of Rev. F. Macarthy.

"My beloved husband, all is safe. Jesus has given me himself and heaven."—Mrs. Lucy, wife of Rev. Jesse Nicholson, aged 64.

"My feet are fixed on the rock, the rock, the rock of ages. Precious Jesus; he is my God, my Father. He never fails. No, never, never, Glory, glory, glory! Heaven, heaven! Praise the Lord, all ye angels, praise him, everything that has a tongue, for his mercies to me, I shall get safe to heaven, perhaps before morning. I have got a firm hold on Jesus; he is my only prop."—Mrs. Mary, wife of Rev. John Walker, aged 67.

"I know that my Redeemer lives. Victory, victory, victory!"—Mrs. Ruth, wife of Rev. Lewis Merwin, aged 45.

"All is well."—Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Rev. C. Eastman, aged 38.

"For forty years the sting of death has been taken away."—Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Rev. J. O. Cromwell, aged 77.

"My dear husband, I am very near my end. Since our union it has constantly been my study to make you happy. I am now about to leave you. I go with a conscience void of offence. I have indeed, erred many times in many things, but not intentionally. That God forgives me, and you will. I have felt myself unsuited to the responsibilities of a minister's wife, but if I had been permitted to enjoy better health, I might have been more useful. You are engaged in preaching the Gospel; let nothing call you from it. Call sinners to repentance."—Mrs. M. V., wife of Rev. W. Marrah, aged 20.

"I am not alarmed, however it may terminate with me. I have not waited until now to prepare for this hour. I enjoy a calm, settled peace, and I have enjoyed constant peace for several months past."—Mrs. A. A., wife of Rev. J. Watson, aged 30.

"O, the goodness and mercy of God! Had I strength I could shout his praises aloud; but this poor form is too weak. Soon I shall have lungs that will not wear out, and a body that will be immortal; then I will praise him to glory, to all eternity."—Mrs. M. M., wife of Rev. J. Bernard, aged 29.

"Christ is precious! all is well!"—Mrs. Cynthia, wife of Rev. R. C. Putney, aged 25.

"Although the body may be racked with pain, yet the soul may triumph in God."—Mrs. Mary J., wife of Rev. M. Mattison.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."—Mrs. Sarah, wife of S. Prettyman.

Addressing her husband, "Preach holiness."—Mrs. Julia R., wife of Rev. J. R. Jewett, aged 36.

"O, my dear, sorrow not; for although I shall be called to leave you at the beck of my heavenly Master, I enjoy the pleasing anticipation that it will not be long until we shall meet in a heaven of love."—Mrs. Mary H., wife of Rev. John Bayley, aged 26.

"The will of the Lord be done!"—Mrs. Ruth, wife of Rev. Asaph Langdon, aged 66.

"Some might call my three months confinement a bed of affliction, but not so with me. I experience such sweet resignation, that I lose all my will, and can praise the Lord for all I suffer."—Mrs. Ruth, wife of Rev. Ezra Tuttle, aged 80.

"Jesus is precious."—Mrs. Martha, wife of Rev. Wm. Thatcher, aged 62.

O. C. BAKER.

MINISTERIAL.

For the Herald and Journal.

ANOTHER LABORER HAS FALLEN.

Joseph Lull died in Casco, Nov. 2, aged 62 years and 10 months. By request of this dying saint and father by his bedside, he was called to stand by his bedside. He had previously expressed a belief that his work was done, and that he should soon leave the scenes of earth. He wished to leave a few facts with memory, and this he continued to the close of life. Sacred song was his delight. When old, feeble and unable to sit up, his remaining strength was employed in singing praise to God. Such a man could well say, "Now letest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

E. H. SMALL.
Lubec, Dec. 4.

REV. MOSES BROWN died in Hampden, Me., Oct. 8, aged 50 years. Bro. Brown professed religion about thirty-five years since—subsequently commenced preaching the Gospel of Christ, and joined the Maine Annual Conference in 1831. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Heddle in '33, and elder by the same in '38. After a number of years, he located, in which relation he remained till his death. His last sickness was long and severe, but all was borne with Christian patience, and his death was peaceful.

Peace to his memory.

C. T. HILL.

YARMOUTH, ME.—I am just what I have been wishing to do for several years.

These old times—they are so good, so fraught with rich memories, so adapted to stir the deep feelings of the heart, they constitute a priceless treasure of Sacred Song, unsurpassed by any collection of Vestry Music that have ever been published.

From Rev. G. P. Mathews,